



LEEDS SONG FESTIVAL 2026

THURSDAY APRIL, 3PM – 6PM, LINACRE STUDIO, HOWARD OPERA CENTRE

Festival Masterclass VII

with **Anna Tilbrook** and **Leeds Song Young Artists**

Naomi Boot (mezzo-soprano) and Viviana Ţaga-Radu (piano)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Zwerg

Im trüben Licht verschwinden schon die Berge,
Es schwebt das Schiff auf glatten Meereswogen,
Worauf die Königin mit ihrem Zwerge.

Sie schaut empor zum hochgewölbten Bogen,
Hinauf zur lichtdurchwirkten blauen Ferne;
Die mit der Milch des Himmels blass durchzogen.

„Nie, nie habt ihr mir gelogen noch, ihr Sterne,“
So ruft sie aus, „bald werd’ ich nun entschwinden,
Ihr sagt es mir, doch sterb’ ich wahrlich gerne.“

Da tritt der Zwerg zur Königin, mag binden
Um ihren Hals die Schnur von roter Seide,
Und weint, als wolt’ er schnell vor Gram erblinden.

Er spricht: „Du selbst bist schuld an diesem Leide,
Weil um den König du mich hast verlassen,
Jetzt weckt dein Sterben einzig mir noch Freude.

„Zwar werd’ ich ewiglich mich selber hassen,
Der dir mit dieser Hand den Tod gegeben,
Doch mußst zum frühen Grab du nun erblassen.“

Sie legt die Hand aufs Herz voll jungem Leben,
Und aus dem Aug’ die schweren Tränen rinnen,
Das sie zum Himmel betend will erheben.

„Mögst du nicht Schmerz durch meinen Tod gewinnen!“
Sie sagt’s, da küßt der Zwerg die bleichen Wangen,
D’rauf alsobald vergehen ihr die Sinnen.

Der Zwerg schaut an die Frau, von Tod befangen,
Er senkt sie tief ins Meer mit eig’nen Händen.
Ihm brennt nach ihr das Herz so voll Verlangen,
An keiner Küste wird er je mehr landen.

Matthäus von Collin (1779-1824)

The dwarf

In the dim light the mountains already fade;
The ship drifts on the sea’s smooth swell,
With the queen and her dwarf on board.

She gazes up at the high arching vault,
At the light-hazy blue distance,
Streaked with the pale Milky Way.

‘Stars, you have never yet lied to me’,
She cries out. ‘Soon now I shall disappear.
You tell me so; yet in truth I shall die gladly.’

Then the dwarf comes up to the queen, wants
To tie the cord of red silk about her neck,
And weeps, as if he would soon go blind with grief.

He speaks: ‘You are yourself to blame for this suffering,
Because you have forsaken me for the king;
Now your death alone can revive joy within me.

‘Though I shall forever hate myself
For having brought you death by this hand,
Yet now you must grow pale in an early grave.’

She lays her hand on her heart, so full of youthful life,
And heavy tears flow from her eyes
Which she wants to raise to heaven in prayer.

May you reap no sorrow from my death!’
She says; then the dwarf kisses her pale cheeks,
And she at once falls senseless.

The dwarf looks upon the lady in the grip of death;
He lowers her with his own hands deep into the sea.
His heart burns with such longing for her,
That he will never again land on any shore.

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Le temps des lilas

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Est passé, le temps des œillets aussi.

Le vent a changé, les cieux sont moroses,
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.

Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
Las! Que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!

Et toi, que fais-tu? pas de fleurs écloses,
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.

Maurice Bouchor (1855-1929)

The time for lilacs

The time for lilacs and the time for roses
Will return no more this spring;
The time for lilac and the time for roses
Is past, the time for carnations too.

The wind has changed, the skies are sullen,
And we will no longer wander to gather them.
The flowering lilac and beautiful rose;
The spring is sad and cannot bloom.

Oh sweet and joyous springtime of the year
That came last year to bathe us in sun,
Our flower of love is so far faded,
Alas! That your kiss cannot awaken it!

And you, what do you do? No blossoming flowers,
No bright sun, and no cool shade;
The time for lilac and the time for roses
Has died forever along with our love.

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Speak, music!

Speak, speak, music, and bring to me
Fancies too fleet for me,
Sweetness too sweet for me,
Wake, wake, voices, and sing to me,
Sing to me tenderly; bid me rest.

Rest, Rest! ah, I am fain of it!
Die, Hope! small was my gain of it!
Song, take thy parable,
Whisper that all is well,
Say that there tarrieth
Something more true than death,
Waiting to smile for me; bright and blest.

Thrill, string: echo and play for me
All that the poet, the priest cannot say for me;
Soar, voice, heavenwards, and pray for me,
Wondering, wandering; bid me rest.

Arthur Christopher Benson (1862-1925)

Kelsey Thomas (soprano) and Edward Lloyd (piano)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Danse macabre

Zig et zig et zig, la mort cri en cadence
Frappant une tombe avec son talon,
La mort à minuit joue un air de danse,
Zig et zig et zag, sur son violon.

Le vent d'hiver souffle, et la nuit est sombre,
Des gémissements sortent des tilleuls;
Les squelettes blancs vont à travers l'ombre
Courant et sautant sous leurs grands linceuls,

Zig et zig et zig, chacun se trémousse,
On entend claquer les os des danseurs,
Un couple lascif s'asseyait sur la mousse
Comme pour goûter d'anciennes douceurs.

Zig et zig et zag, la mort continue
De racler sans fin son aigre instrument.
Un voile est tombé! La danseuse est nue!
Son danseur la serre amoureusement.

La dame est, dit-on, marquise ou baronne.
Et le vert galant un pauvre charron—
Horreur! Et voilà qu'elle s'abandonne
Comme si le rustre était un baron!

Zig et zig et zig, quelle sarabande!
Quels cercles de morts se donnant la main!
Zig et zig et zag, on voit dans la bande
Le roi gambader auprès du vilain!

Mais psit! tout à coup on quitte la ronde,
On se pousse, on fuit, le coq a chanté...

Oh! La belle nuit pour le pauvre monde!
Et vive la mort et l'égalité!

Henri Cazalis (1840-1909)

Danse macabre

Zig and zig and zig, Death rhythmically
Taps upon a tomb with his heel;
Death at midnight plays a dance air,
Zig and zig and zig on his violin.

The winter wind whistles and the night is gloomy,
Groaning comes from the lime trees;
White skeletons move through the shadows,
Running and jumping under their large shrouds.

Zig and zig and zig, everyone is moving,
We hear the bones of the dancers banging,
A lascivious couple sits upon the moss
As if to taste ancient pleasures.

Zig and zig and zag, Death continues,
Scraping without end his harsh-sounding violin.
A veil has fallen! The dancer is nude!
Her partner squeezes her amorously.

The lady is said to be a marchioness or baroness,
And the crude gallant a poor cartwright --
Horrors! And look, she gives herself to him
As though the churl were a baron!

Zig and zig and zig, what a saraband!
What circles of the dead, all holding hands!
Zig and zig and zag, we see in the crowd
King frolicking with peasant!

But shh! Suddenly the dance is over,
They jostle each other and take flight: the rooster has
crowed;

Oh! A beautiful night for the poor world!
And long live Death and Equality!

Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)

It was a lover and his

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
These pretty country folk would lie,
This carol they began that hour,
How that a life was but a flower

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616), As You Like It

Daniel Sauer (baritone) and Honoka Komoda (piano)

John Ireland (1874-1954)

Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

John Masefield (1878-1967)

George Butterworth (1885-1916)

from A Shropshire Lad

Loveliest of Trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859 - 1936)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

from *Songs of Travel*

In dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremember'd tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894)

Mariana Rodrigues (soprano) and Andrew Cowie (piano)

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

La diva de l'empire

Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent
Les gentlemen
Et tous les dandys
De Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle mettait de douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,
L'accueillant des hurrahs frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire narquois
De son joli minois.

Elle danse presque automatiquement
Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,
De ses jambes montrant le frétillement.
C'est à la fois très très innocent
Et très très excitant.

Charles Bessat dit Numa Blès (1871-1917)

The diva of the Empire

Under the great Greenaway hat,
Showing the burst of a smile,
Of a laugh charming and fresh
Of a surprised baby who sighs,
Little girl with velvety eyes,
It's the Diva of the Empire.
It's the queen who bewitches
The gentlemen
And all the dandys
Of Piccadilly.

In only a "yes" she puts so much sweetness
That all the snobs in waistcoats
Welcome her with frenetic cheers,
Toss wreaths of flowers onto the stage
Without noticing the mocking laugh
Of her sweet little face.

She dances almost automatically
And lifts up, oh very modestly,
Her underthings of frills and furbelows,
Showing her quivering legs
It is at the same time very very innocent
And very very exciting.

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Harvest

So there's my year, the twelvemonth duly told
Since last I climbed this brow and gloated round
Upon the lands heaped with their wheaten gold,
And now again they spread with wealth imbrowned -
And thriftless I meanwhile,
What honeycombs have I to take, what sheaves to
pile?

I see some shrivelled fruits upon my tree,
And gladly would self-kindness feign them sweet;
The bloom smelled heavenly, can these stragglers be
The fruit of that bright birth and this wry wheat,
Can this be from those spires
Which I, or fancy, saw leap to the spring sun's fires?

I peer, I count, but anxious is not rich,
My harvest is not come, the weeds run high;
Even poison-berries, ramping from the ditch
Have stormed the undefended ridges by;
What Michaelmas is mine!
The fields I sought to serve, for sturdier tillage pine.

But hush - Earth's valleys sweet in leisure lie;
And I among them wandering up and down
Will taste their berries, like the bird or fly,
And of their gleanings make both feast and crown.
The Sun's eye laughing looks.
And Earth accuses none that goes among her
stooks.

Edmund Charles Blunden (1896-1974)

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden

Rose Fyleman (1877-1957)

For copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text of this song.

Siri Bengtsson Marklund (soprano) and Joshua McDade (piano)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

from *La bonne chanson*

N'est-ce pas?

N'est-ce pas? nous irons gais et lents, dans la voie
Modeste que nous montre en souriant l'Espoir,
Peu soucieux qu'on nous ignore ou qu'on nous voie.

Isolés dans l'amour ainsi qu'en un bois noir,
Nos deux coeurs, exhalant leur tendresse paisible,
Seront deux rossignols qui chantent dans le soir.

Sans nous préoccuper de ce que nous destine
Le Sort, nous marcherons pourtant du même pas,
Et la main dans la main, avec l'âme enfantine.
De ceux qui s'aiment sans mélange, n'est-ce pas?

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Isn't it so?

Isn't it so? We shall go, happy yet slow,
Along the modest path we walk in smiling hope,
Caring little if others notice or ignore us.

Isolated in love as though in a dark wood,
Our two hearts, exhaling their peaceful fondness,
Shall be two nightingales singing in the night.

With no thought of what Destiny
Has in store, we shall walk along together,
Hand in hand, our souls like those of children
Whose love is unalloyed, is that not so?

Gösta Nystroem (1890-1966)

from *Sinfonia del mare*

Det enda

Ebba Lindqvist (1908-1995)

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Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927)

from Songs and Ballads

I Skogen

Kärt är att råka dig, nattviol,
där blek du står ibland gräsen
och suckar ut efter sjunken sol
din doft, ditt innersta väsen.

Ljuvt är att höra din sång, du trast,
där högst i granen på spaning
du jublar ut under kvällens rast
om morgonrodnad din aning.

Men lär mig, nattviol, blid som din,
en sorg, när fröjd har gått under!
Trast, lär mig tolka så glad som din,
min tro på ljusare stunder!

Albert Theodor Gellerstedt (1836-1914)

In the forest

It's lovely to meet you, violet of the night,
Where palely you grow among the trees
And sigh out after the sun has set
Your scent and your inner being.

It's delightful to hear you song thrush,
When you look out from high up in the trees,
You rejoice with the dying of the day
At the dawn that will break tomorrow.

But teach me, violet of the night, shy like you,
Your sorrow, when all joy has departed!
Thrush, teach me to sing the way you do
Of my belief in happier times!